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New York city, about 1849 or 1850. This artist was especially successful in his delineation of children, and painted this subject twice. One of these pictures was purchased by the American Art Union and given as a prize. The painter, we are informed, has removed to England, where he is still pursuing his art with success. The index, too, is less full than is desirable in a work which would have value for reference. Turning to William Dunlap's name, we find a slight reference to him as a painter, but are not referred to the more important notice of his book.

Mr. Benjamin's essay is like much of the work of American artists: it shows marks of talent, it is bright and suggestive, and manifests a sincere feeling for art; but the canvas is too large for the work put upon it, the lights are broken and scattered, the perspective is not true, the proportions faulty, and so, instead of a solid piece of work done forever and not needing to be repeated, we have only one more sketch, which will have but slight permanent value.

While we have felt obliged to compare what is accomplished in this book with what we think needs to be done for art history in America, we would still give it a hearty welcome, both for what it is and for the promise it gives for the future. Compared with what has been done before, it holds a high place; for neither Dunlap's *History of the Arts of Design in the United States*, nor Tuckerman's *Book of the Artists*, nor Cumming's *Annals of the National Academy of Design*, nor Lester's *Artists of America*, can claim as much literary merit or critical insight.

It is good that the present generation, which is beginning to exult in its technical excellence, should look back with respect to those who smoothed the way for them by working in the true spirit, in spite of outward difficulties. It is very hard to gather up the records of art in America, so little care has been bestowed upon them, and on our generation lies the duty of preventing further loss. So we are thankful for all that is done in a right direction; and if we have judged this author by an ideal standard which art always holds before us, we should also give him the benefit of the excellent rule which he lays down in speaking of Benjamin West: "Men should be judged, not [alone] absolutely, but relatively; not compared with perfection, but with their contemporaries and their opportunities."

The work is got up in handsome, but rather showy style, and is illustrated with wood-engravings by nearly all of the engravers whose names have lately attracted attention in connection with the wood-engraving controversy.

EDNAH D. CHENEY.

W. DANIELS, ARTIST.



DANIELS, ARTIST, is the monumental title of a satirical tract which we have received from the author, Mr. William Tirebuck, of Liverpool.

In his unbounded admiration for his subject, a painter whom the author imagines as still among us, the zeal of Mr. Tirebuck has far outrun his discretion. If all his adorer says of him be true, Mr. W. Daniels must be a very uncommon being. Mr. William Tirebuck declares that he writes in fear of his painter, who lives behind "a very frank brass plate, on which is inscribed, W. DANIELS, ARTIST,"—a brass plate attached to a door, surmounted

by a fan-light, behind which is "a not quite life-sized bust of our poet Milton." Here is "the simple, hidden, unpromising abode of one of the most remarkable men and artists of this, and, indeed, it must be said, of any other period." If you go and sit for your portrait, and find fault with what Mr. Daniels does in your likeness, it is at your peril. The precursor of the artist was Rembrandt. Mr. Daniels has "hurled himself against the world"; he is "like a Satan encountering the sun,—a Lear defying the lightning,—a Doré-like figure." The satire is rough and crude, but the spirit of the work is undeniable, and the tract is a curiosity. — *Athenæum*.

[The serious announcement of this tract in an English periodical having been copied into the December number, it is due to the readers of the REVIEW that they should be informed of its true character, as developed in the above notice. — EDITOR.]

CHRISTIAN SCHUSSELE.

A SERMON MEMORIAL TO CHRISTIAN SCHUSSELE, for eleven years Professor of Drawing and Painting in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Delivered, Oct. 19th, 1879, by REV. GEORGE H. JOHNSTON, his Pastor, in Christ Reformed Church, Green Street, below 16th Street. Philadelphia. 1879. 24 pp. 8vo.



HIS pamphlet, published, as the "Correspondence" on pages 3 and 4 informs us, at the request of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the Artist's Fund Society (of Philadelphia), contains some biographical details concerning the artist whose death was announced in the November number of the REVIEW. According to Mr. Johnston, Christian Schussele was born in 1824 in Guebwillers, Alsace, his father being a baker, whose business he was urged to continue. When Christian was fifteen years old, two years after the father's death, his mother reluctantly gave her consent to his becoming an artist, and at the age of sixteen he went to Strasburg, carrying with him some money earned by painting portraits of his neighbors. At Strasburg he entered the Drawing School (Academy, says the pamphlet), and under the instruction of Guérin (not the celebrated painter, but probably Christophe Gabriel Guérin) devoted himself to the study of lithography. Shortly after he went to Paris, where he studied under Delaroche and Yvon, and was engaged with Engelmann and Graf, the pioneer chromolithographers of France. Before the political commotions of 1848 he was engaged to execute a series of chromolithographic reproductions of pictures in the gallery of Versailles, contemplated by Louis Philippe; but, the revolution preventing the execution of this project, Mr. Schussele came to the United States, and settled in Philadelphia. Here he again became lucratively employed as a chromolithographer, and it was not until 1851 that he attracted attention as a creative artist by the exhibition of a cabinet picture entitled *The Artist's Recreation*. Still for a time continuing at chromolithography, he gradually gave more attention to painting, and also did considerable work in designing for wood-engravers and for a bank-note company. Between this time and the year 1863 he produced some of his best-known works. In the year named palsy began to afflict him in his right hand, brought